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SHALL WE EMIGRATE?

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SHALL WE EMIGRATE?

A TOUR

THROUGH

THE STATES OF AMERICA,

TO THE

PACIFIC COAST OF CANADA.

BY

A FAMILY MAN.

DUBLIN:

GEORGE HERBERT, 117, GRAFTON-STREET.

1885.

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SHALL WE EMIGRATE?

ETC.

For several years past, with the advantage of considerable leisure, and not a few colonial connections, it has been a favourite pursuit to hunt up all the information I could obtain concerning the various fields of emigration which lie just so far away, that it is exceedingly difficult to judge, with any accuracy, of the real nature of the verdure which proverbially clothes "far fields."

Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Texas, California, and Canada East and Central, were successively read up and talked over; and, finally, in most cases, some correspondence ensued with residents in the country which formed, for the time, the subject of my research.

My object in all this was, and is, a practical one; for I am one of the many of our professional men who can boast a family of sons, of whom an Englishman may well be proud, since seldom out of Britain are such models of physique to be met with as those same boys, who are nevertheless one of the sorest problems and perplexities of the day.

"Our Boys, and what to do with them," as the *Daily Telegraph* put it, not very long since, calling forth a host of letters, which only served to prove the utter perplexity of the situation, and make confusion worse confounded.

By degrees the conviction forced itself upon me, that while extending one's geographical knowledge with all its very pleasing accessories, one gains but little, and that little hardly worth the name of information, which can really be of service in deciding pro or con the question of emigration.

Once convinced of the hopelessness of my fireside investiga-

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tions, I decided upon the journey I have just completed, and feel that I am at last in the position I have so long coveted—a position of very comfortable certainty as to the subject of emigration, so far as it affects myself and my family.

~~I also feel (or I should not be writing this) that I can do~~ something to assist others in bringing the question to a right issue. I will say, at the outset, that the reason I selected British Columbia in preference to all colonial or American homes for the emigrant are these:—First, climate; second, the fact of Canadian migration moving westward; third, the near advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and of these three, the second weighed most heavily. Of these broad features, and of these only, it was possible to judge from hearsay and from written and published reports.

On the 6th of May, therefore, having secured most kind assistance for the discharge of my duties, I left Queenstown by the S.S. "City of Richmond," and arrived at New York, with the usual comforts and discomforts of an Atlantic voyage, in the rather unconscionable time of ten days, during which the weather was fresh but good, and our twelve hundred emigrants, and sixty intermediate, with forty saloon passengers, preserved an almost unbroken record of health and spirits. Icebergs, to the number of seventy, a sunset mirage, and a wandering leviathan spouting in solitary satisfaction, these, and lesser marine wonders, diversified the ever moving, ever same, little blue circle in which the ship lay, from day to day, until at last Long Island, Fire Island, and Staten Island gave hopes of *terra firma*, and the Custom House at Castle Gardens formed once more a solid promenade.

At this point began my new experiences. Hitherto I had not left home; for an English ship, no matter where she sails, is to an Englishman most homely.

Luggage troubled me little; for thanks to a friendly hint, I had not more than I could carry—a bundle of wraps, a hand-bag, and a dressing-bag are enough, and not too much.

While looking after these, I was "interviewed" by passenger agents from two of the many competing trans-continental lines; and warned again by friendly counsel, I succeeded in playing them off one against the other, until I concluded a bargain, whereby the cost of my journey to Victoria, Vancouver's Island, was reduced from the price originally asked by about £2 (ten dollars).

I, however, had the misfortune to choose a line which proved truly formidable in the way of travelling; and for the first few hours of my land journey, which I commenced at night within two hours of my arrival, I almost gave up hope. Lying down, to avoid the sickness which the terrible jolting and jumping of the cars threatened to produce, I had abundant opportunity for comment upon the boastful encomiums I had heretofore heard passed by Americans upon American travelling.

I may as well, however, confess that my first impressions were produced upon the Erie and Lakeshore Railroad, and were subsequently very largely modified.

The American system of travelling is a system well suited to the present condition of society in America, and may be briefly described:—The cars or carriages are some sixty feet in length; and seated down each side, with an aisle in the middle, all seats facing forwards and holding two persons, being so constructed that the back can be reversed so as to bring two seats vis-a-vis. Fitted with double windows and folding lattice-blinds, with efficient heating apparatus and retiring room, at either end, for ladies and gentlemen, a tank of iced water, and a case of break-down tools, a separate break and breaksman, in addition to the continuous air break, they are adapted to the journeys for which they are built, and to the people by whom they are used, but would be exceedingly ill-adapted to the requirements of European travel. All ingress and egress is, of course, at the ends of the carriages, where a small platform leads to the steps. All privacy must, perforce, be abandoned, and all delicacy of feeling put on one side, while one accommodates oneself, as best one may, to a

ough ride, with a rough people, in a rough country. All through the day the news-boy perambulates the train, offering books and fruit for sale; and the conductor's business is to examine all tickets, and issue checks which last over his section, and must then be replaced by the next. I soon discovered that my bargain made with so much caution was after all a delusion; for I noticed that a large proportion of my first-class fellow-passengers were travelling with second-class tickets, and this even where the trains were well filled; and upon my asking an explanation from one of these favoured ones, he told me, with smug self-complacency (and he was in very deed but a third-class looking youth), that "a good appearance put the matter mostly beyond question!" I need hardly say, that on my return journey I put this little matter right with the company.

If any one, however, desires to obtain superior accommodation, it can be had in the Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, which are beyond the means of ordinary mortals. These, with the dining cars, which are run with every decent train, where food cannot be procured at the stations, are indispensable to American travel; for it is not every lady, or gentleman either, for that matter, who can face the stern alternative of sitting, night after night, for seven days and nights, in the scant accommodation of an upright seat. For myself, I very soon got so accustomed to the situation, that when I alighted, five thousand miles from home, I felt I could have continued the journey for another week.

For one thing I am really grateful to all railroad officials in America, and that is, that in no case did they interfere with me in the exercise of my liberty; permitting me, either by day or night, to sit or stand upon the platform between the cars, and thus obtain, when the wind was favourable, and blew the fumes of the engine on one side, both fresh air, and a most enjoyable intimacy with the scenes through which we passed. This liberty might be denied—and in England would be—for every carriage carries a notice to the contrary effect, but this is presumably to save the company, and the passengers are allowed to alight

whenever and wherever they can, and to rejoin the train while it is slowly moving off. It becomes, during a long journey, both a pleasure and relief, with just a spice of danger, which affords no small diversion. The train may stop for instance at a heap of wood, and for a time all is busy while the engine is supplied; then comes the cry of "all aboard;" the engine bell tolls; and wanderers return to the track, and watch the moment, when, aided by the handrail, they shall spring upon the passing foot-board. To be left behind, which might very easily occur, would in some districts be a very serious matter.

One great feature of American character strikes the traveller on his first introduction to the country, and nowhere more than on the railroad, by reason of the extreme attention and civility of railroad officials at home.

In my Diary I find it recorded thus:—

An utter absence of all attention; no porter; no civil, obliging guards; only a ticket-office, where sits a man who makes a point of being as slow as he can. In America you must serve yourself.

The night went somehow; and at six I woke. We breakfasted at Hornsville, and passed all the morning through eastern settlements. Hills and valleys—the former timbered; the latter roughly tilled; wooden houses; wooden churches; land poor and hungry-looking; but in outline resembling Kent. It is evident that here everything has been done to reclaim, nothing to improve. The land must give, but not get. Everything has a shoddy, shifty appearance, as though expecting to "move on."

Here and there is a settlement—probably German or Swedish—where thrift and neatness prevail; horses well fed; land well cared; and fences in good condition.

Nothing can describe the air of utter untidiness which distinguishes everything American. From the tangled debris of the wasted timber, to the dirty streets of her oldest cities,

she is unkempt and slipshod. No time to spare for cleanliness. No taste as yet developed for order and beauty.

Waste, to a most terrible extent, marks every effort at the subjugation of this vast continent. Miles and miles of splendid timber, from one side the country to the other, charred and grisly.

At Meadville (Pen.) came dinner and the ever-welcome wash. Land good and mostly cleared; comfortable settlements; red soil; dust tracks for roads; black loamy bottoms. Remarks, such as these, upon the nature and condition of the soil, timber, crops, and the general development and capabilities of the country, must, of course, be taken for what they are worth. It is plain that in a railroad journey, which allows of only the most cursory inspection, any conclusions the traveller forms must be entirely superficial. At the same time the subject is not one which presents any very great difficulty to any one who has the smallest experience in farming.

I will, therefore, say once for all that on my journey across America I saw a most amazing quantity of wretchedly poor land. That from sea to sea I saw simply nothing that could for an instant compare with the rich verdure of the old country.

What I did see was, in the main, a very light soil, chiefly red and yellow over a sandy or gravelly sub-soil; a country which even in spring told of heat and drought, and which is undoubtedly subject to terrible extremes of climate, and to very widespread malaria.

My next entry, made at Leavitsburg, speaks of "flat country; splendid oak and other timber; land very fine; good sheep and cattle; land in larger farms."

Akron (an infant Sheffield)—fine undulating country; well watered valleys; and so to Chicago, the City of the Plain, where a man may walk for nine miles in a straight line on a dead level, and not leave the street. The lake, too, is level! Society pretty level, too.

I have not much to say of Chicago. I did not see the

slaughter yards, nor did I inspect the elevator mills. The former are very ghastly; the latter admirable, as models of labour-saving science. The guide-book will describe. But I did walk down the West End; and it being Sunday I tried to go to Church. In this I did not succeed, as there is no afternoon service at those I tried. Chicago produced upon my mind an impression which has since been deepened by a second visit, and which I find is shared by some Americans, namely, that there is trouble in store. A city without God; business and pleasure twin deities; a city where life is seen at its worst; a fierce struggle for survival; a dissociated society; the poor (and there are many) envious of the rich; the rich contemptuous of the poor; all the old ties of family, society, religion swept away; a go-ahead concern too busy to pause, too avaricious to reflect. Advertisements everywhere; tram cars drawn by endless cable, three together; railways and roads in one, and overhead a maze of wire. A Salvation Army Corps is singing or bawling opposite my window, but to a casual observer it seems as though Bob Ingersoll, whose last infidel lecture I bought just now, would gain a readier hearing.

In Chicago I left behind the execrable travelling I had hitherto experienced; and henceforth on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and S. Paul, and also on the Northern Pacific Railroads, the state of the roads was all that could be wished. I find the country approaching La Crosse noted as "rich, black soil; settlements new and thriving; timber small; fine bluffs;" and so on up the Mississippi valley on the bank of the river.

My courage rises in these Western States. East of Chicago I saw nothing like them. Very beautiful the river is with its bluff banks—prodigal of its vastness even here—enclosing huge beds of marsh and swamp, and bearing on its muddy surface tug-boats and rafts. The rail creeps tortuous between hill and water; here and there a frame cottage; and here and there a tent suggestive of the red man. The soil good and rich; a dark sandy loam continuing to S. Paul. Here, unlike Chicago, nature is truly prodigal. There a monstrous inland sea and plain,

here the rushing Mississippi, splendid bluffs, and hills, and valleys, and in both a prodigy of cities; but of the two S. Paul exceeds in wonder, for compared with Chicago it is an infant, and has begun, so to speak, upon the experience of the elder. Thirty years ago it was a village; now its main buildings can compare with those of any city of Europe, while its railway station is a marvel of beauty. Here one sees (as probably no where-else) the utmost dreams of fashion and expense, side by side with the cabin of the pioneer, clustering in thousands over the hills. Splendid bridges span the brown foaming river, itself all parcelled out by logs and dams for rafting; and up and down the streets drive the money-spenders, mostly of one type, delicate and regular of feature, little complexion and little expression, but elegant and well set up; full of bust, and lithe of figure, in elegant carriages, with well-matched horses. But here to-day, and gone to-morrow. To-day the mansion, to-morrow the log cabin. A land of big things. Big rise and big fall. A country where a dozen lives may be, and often are, compressed into one.

Minneapolis, nine miles off, but really forming already one city with S. Paul, is said to rival, if not eclipse, its venerable partner.

Westward of these the train runs over a flat of great extent, with dwarf oak, and scrub, and sandy soil, to Brainerd, a town of some 10,000, where we supped, but met, meanwhile, most entertaining companions in some miners, off to work two gold mines in Montana; one of whom, thrice rich and thrice poor, with shrewd persistency and pluck, declared his purpose to pile a hundred and fifty thousand dollars within three months, and then revisit the old home in Wales, and looked like keeping his word.

A long, long road is ours (the travelling west of S. Paul does not average more than twenty miles an hour); and were it not for the habit of making acquaintance at sight, and the really interesting and thoroughly intelligent companionship one meets at times, it would be tenfold more weary.

Hereabouts is considerable local traffic, and the night passed less quietly than usually.

The morning found us crossing the prairie lands of Dakotah; and so till evening, unsettled and unstocked, save very sparsely along the railroad track, where every now and then a group of wooden houses represents a "town," and now and then a large brick building, surrounded by half-a-dozen shanties, represents the municipality of the "city" that is to be.

Flat prairie changed to rolling, and again to broken ground, where, at Bismark, the Missouri is crossed by an iron cantilever bridge, which, in a high wind, and traversed at a crawl, as all bridges and tressels are traversed in the West, made one wonder if, in case of accident, the telegraph wires would prove a convenience, as they lay gently waving, just at my feet.

Back again to flat and boundless prairie. Sparse scrub, and sage brush, and yellow sandy soil.

The "bad lands" follow. A wonderful district of round clay-hills, where the lignite underlying has burned and baked the clay into most vivid reds and yellows, and the rain has washed the conical hills into all sorts of fantastic shapes—a hungry desolation, but a paradise of ranchmen, and the home of the cowboy—with whom we soon made extensive acquaintance. Canvas coat and leather overalls, wide felt hat and long six-shooter, sheath-knife and whiskey-flask, all *en regle*. And not bad fellows either, for all one hears to the contrary. Rough and ready, but not mean or vicious; models of muscle and tough condition; eagle-eyed and open visaged; living a hard, but admirably healthy life. A marvel of isolation; yet gloriously free.

By the way, at one of these way-side stations we came perilously near a free shoot through a quarrel between our news-boy and a negro passenger. The latter had been drinking not wisely but too well, and made a most determined assault upon his small, but perfectly plucky antagonist. A policeman fortunately grasped his wrist as it made its way to his hip-pocket, and only just in time, for in this district one pistol makes many.

This land journey reminds one, after a time, of life at sea. The monster cars roll and swing, and the line goes up and down over the swelling prairie. At night one could lose sight of land, and believe oneself listening to the throb of the screw. Doing 3,700 miles at a stretch, it is hard to realise one is really ashore.

The bad lands were astern in the morning, or rather left behind. Montana, the land of mountains, will be our scene of travel to-day and to-night, and ~~one of my life-long ambitions~~ will be realised.

Prairie still, and low sandy hills. Cow-boys mounted and unmounted; store-keepers and ranchers lounging at the stages; snow hills before us; prairie chicken and prairie dogs, antelope and white and grey sage. These prairies have even now the colour of a desert. Later on they must be very dry.

Travelling along the Yellowstone river, and through mountain scenery growing very fine, pine-clad hills and beautiful valleys, a mining district, and the home of elk and bear.

Passed through the tunnel at Bighorn, with snow sheds at either end, and then through most magnificent scenery; as we drew into the mountains, a splendid gorge overhung by red cliffs, in which the mighty upheavals of the past have placed the strata perpendicular, so that all up the mountain side, where the earth is washed away, stand walls of solid rock. Rich plains of alluvial soil intervene; and then again stupendous bluffs, portions of which can hardly be distinguished at a distance from frowning battlements, so rugged, yet so regular, with buttress, wall, and turret.

Along by the river's course, passing under imminent precipices, and following most fantastic curves, round and round the pine-clad, snow-capped hills. And now at Helena, as it grows dark, we are, with two powerful engines, ascending a grade which seems out of all keeping with a railroad, and as we sleep shall pass through scenery one fain would enjoy. The Rockies, however, will last until to-morrow, and we must be early awake.

The ascent is over ; and we are running down the western slope, following Clarke's Fork. It is useless to attempt description. Words have almost no value. The soul is lifted up into the presence of God, and awed into silence. Stupendous mountains of pine-grown rock ; rushing torrents of ice-green water, in one instance meeting a muddy stream of yellow, and flowing side by side with it in one wide channel, entirely distinct, until compelled to mix by adverse rocks and rapids.

Green oases in the mighty-forest, where the woodman ekes out a scanty existence with a patch of tillage, and the store-keeper makes his pile, and swindles miner and axeman with strict impartiality.

At Heron, a wooden station-house of really great size and beauty, anticipates a mining city, for all round here the gold-hunters are busy. Such vistas ! as the mountains recede. Such vast expanse of creek and lake closed in by hills of indigo. Chinamen in hosts, of abject mien and countenance, and the log hut pure and simple. Wild roses everywhere, and many a lovely flower and bush clothing the naked precipice. Ever downwards—through timber charred and hacked by the pioneers—over a line where a year since men thought but little of firing on the train, and murder was of small importance. Thence, until night, we have passed through rugged prairie, covered with hunch grass and sage brush, little varied ; a dull, sandy tract, but boasting extensive ranches, and some thriving towns, or rather villages, at one of which, called Sprague, appeared among the usual crowd of loafers, but to their evident amazement and delight, a young girl dressed in the height of western fashion, and bouncing along with no end of vanity and coquettishness. A girl of sixteen, perhaps. Some miner's or wealthy store-keeper's daughter, who seemed to drop suddenly into the muddy street, dressed in a crimson velvet bodice and pink satin skirt, hardly more than half way down the stocking. Small high-heeled shoes and a wide silk-trimmed straw hat *en suite*. A small dog, like a Maltese terrier, for company, and a degree of *sang froid* which only a

western "city" can impart. I suppose her dress may have cost in Sprague some £60 or to £70.

Two Indians, paddling a canoe on Clarke's Fork, and a group of these poor dejected creatures further down the line, complete the list of novelties to-day.

The morning once more brought most keen enjoyment in the scenery of the Columbia river. Its upper reaches only are seen this side of Portland, for one hundred miles and more are needed still to bring it to the sea; and all the business is done below the town.

We saw, however, four methods exemplified in which the magnificent salmon are taken. One was a water-wheel, wired at the sides which scoops out the ascending fish, and deposits them ready for the curer. A second was a man standing on the rocks, and simply using a landing-net. A third, an Indian with a gaff—a pitch-fork would do as well. And the fourth, the ordinary seine by which, of course, the great bulk of the fish is taken. Here the river is three miles broad; lower down, at one place, seven. Notwithstanding the enormous drain upon their numbers, the river is literally crowded with fish.

Magnificent bluffs enclose the narrow valley, and at the foot of these the railway winds, and the train creeps slowly where in some parts the cliff overhangs, or its sheer face threatens instant destruction, should the least jar disturb its loosened masses.

"Cliffs of eight hundred feet in places, and down these come airy falls of spray; one of considerable note and exquisite beauty, at which the train stops to let passengers alight—another, called the Bridal Veil, is wider and less lofty.

Portland at last, and the neck of my journey broken. Only a run through Oregon and Washington, and the sail up Puget Sound. Here I am, sitting on my bed, after a most comfortable dinner at the Quimby House—an unpretentious but excellent hotel—*resting*, because I cannot get on. Quite home-like this place seems, for we are now within a hundred miles or so of the

Pacific, and in rainy Oregon—a climate apparently much resembling that of Ireland, and the same luxuriant vegetation, fine rich clovers, and great variety of shrub and flower.

A vast improvement here upon Eastern or Central America, in things both physical and social; thriving and bustling, but not slattern and offensive. True, the roads are yet unkempt, and the sidewalks treacherous; but there is care and taste—trees in all streets, fine shops, good banks and public offices. But the omnibuses and the runners—these are a feature. As the train runs in, a moving mass of strenuous, bawling competitors. The very windows of the train are stuck with hotel bills; and as you reach the platform the din becomes most laughable. Into a 'bus, which is a revival of the old family coach, and off to your wooden hotel, for not until then will the uproar subside.

Portland is a pretty, attractive town, lying on both banks of the river. Houses and cottages in excellent taste, and made beautiful with roses and honeysuckle. Here seringa and various spiræas are indigenous. Cherries are already ripe, and potatoes in bloom (May 22).

Here, at last one hears oneself styled "Sir," and receives a careful polite reply to a civil question. Through the States, as a rule, it appears to be the thing to attempt to prove one's superiority by insolence, and to vouchsafe an answer only after a rude stare, and in as nearly contemptuous a manner as can be assumed.

This town supplies a very large district, and the sale of agricultural machines is immense.

As I approach British Columbia I feel more and more certain that my judgment is not at fault. Concerning Victoria, the best known point apparently, I have heard but one opinion from very many and various informants. It is a singular and notable fact, that Americans should have spoken, with one consent, highly in its favour.

I am full of hope, as I walk about here, and notice the changed conditions of everything. Eastward I could have wished myself at home. Here in the west I am at home. No longer heat,

and glare, and arid desert, but green and growth, with a bright blue sky, and clouds, and gentle rain.

Off again at 9.30 a.m., and travelled through a pretty wooded country: plenty of water and fine land ; changing further on to very poor and gravelly flats.

Tacoma, our last stopping-place is a mushroom-town created by the railroad, and likely to perish as it rushed into existence—an artificial speculative existence. The timber is burning on the adjacent hills to make room for more frame-houses, already extending some miles, but without any ostensible *raison d'être*. At this ungainly assemblage of wooden houses I was detained, much against my will ; I had hoped to spend Sunday in Victoria, but the steamer had broken down.

The day was, however, passed pleasantly enough in attending the services of the Episcopal Church—a good, substantial stone building, with well conducted services, and a somewhat “ high ” ritual.

Monday, the Queen's birthday, observed with enthusiasm by British Columbians, and (happy thought !) not less so by their southern neighbours, who throng the hotels, and whose anniversary, the 4th July, is kept in an equally neighbourly fashion by the Canadians, was thus lost. I spent it with some fellow-passengers visiting on the opposite shore of the Sound—an Indian reservation ; but found the Indian at home a sorry object. Here and there a lodge occupied by half-inanimate paupers, drawing supplies from the Government to eke out a purposeless existence, fishing a little, and trapping a little; and idling à great deal. Forbidden in merciful severity, the swift destruction of fire-water, and occupying these really fine stretches of country in the business of dying out.

At Tacoma, ere I left it, I had the questionable pleasure of being “ interviewed ” by a considerable number of the leading inhabitants, who felt themselves at liberty to hand on my acquaintance without limit. A most peculiar license prevails in this and the matter of shaking hands. As I have already inti-

mated, America is a land of "shoddy;" everyone is a "gent" or a "lady." In Tacoma the excellent and able rector goes by his name without title or addition, but the most ineffable cad is colonel or professor. A country of license—not liberty—where might is right, and every man a petty tyrant to the extent of his ability. A country whose present is vulgarity, and whose future—what? The Commune.

I waited wearily for the steamer until midnight, and left at one. As I lay and slept in the saloon, I was fairly sat down upon by two Europeanised or Americanised Indian women; but was too sleepy to discover the fact until they moved away. Well; they at any rate have some excuse, for they are the rightful owners here, and know no better. But the motto of of the Stars and Stripes should be "In honour preferring myself." Well-chosen symbols!

"The moon and the stars to govern the night."

In the dawn of time the sun of monarchy arose in all the glory of theocracy, and ran the course of its declension.

The moon of a limited monarchy rose in the darkness, reflecting in its pale light dim memories of departed power and authority (which had, in truth, been grossly abused). And next came this great experiment of the rule of self—of the people—by the people—for the people; or in the singular number, of self by self, for self. The government of the Stars! To be followed, alas! too surely by the retribution of the stripes.

Steaming slowly up the Puget Sound—shores and islands thickly timbered, and very pretty. Here and there a saw-mill and a settlement.

This old worn-out mud lark squatters along, and I am impatient to reach the climax of my journeyings.

Victoria—at half-past three, p.m. Three weeks and three hours from home. Room hunting for some hours, but got suited eventually.

Very striking and very charming is the approach to Victoria,

and the "city" fully bears out the character I had heard of it, when compared with any western town of its size. It has only about 10,000 inhabitants, and 3,000 of these are Chinese. Arranged upon the usual western plan, its streets intersect at right angles, and are very wide and good, while there is a very evident tone of growth and improvement in all buildings, both public and private.

The electric light is used upon masts of immense height, and there is a far more perfect telephone system than I have seen in any town in the old country.

But about Victoria I shall have yet much to say. The next day I was introduced to a gentleman who combines the avocations of public notary and land agent, and to whom I owe no small debt of gratitude, for not only did he make my stay in Victoria exceedingly agreeable, but owing to his thorough knowledge of everything connected with land, and such like business, I feel that what little I effected was really well done.

As to my land-hunting, which I pursued with unremitting diligence, within a radius of seven or eight miles from the town (it being originally my purpose to procure land as near as might be to this centre of colonial society and civilisation), it will be sufficient to say, that after ten days of walking and driving, I was apparently no nearer the object of my search than at first.

Each morning at ten I had punctually appeared at my agent's office, and each day had seen some new district visited and discussed, but prices were such as to discourage speculation; and the extent of cultivable land in the neighbourhood is limited. The whole island is, in fact, so far as it is yet explored, far more inviting to the lumberer than the farmer, being extremely mountainous, and very heavily timbered; but there are in various districts well watered valleys and excellent land, where settlers are rapidly locating.

The climate of Victoria appears to me to be all that could be desired. Thoroughly temperate and healthful; winters short and pleasant, with a very scanty snowfall; summers such as we

in England and Ireland remember with regret, or hear our elders tell of many years ago. The only complaint I remember to have heard was concerning a cool breeze which blows every evening with great regularity, coming over the Olympian snow-range in Washington territory, and acted upon my constitution like a most invigorating cold bath.

The country round Victoria is simply lovely. The roads are fringed with thicket of wild roses, and here and there wild strawberries carpet the ground. Gorse and broom (both from the old country) in immense bushes. The roads remind one of the lanes of Kent; but nowhere in Kent is such luxuriance of vegetation; such wealth of green, and light, and shadow. A land of extreme beauty; a very paradise of scenery, with the great snowy background of the Olympian range. Compared with Victoria—this Belle of the Pacific—Tunbridge Wells is a worn-out common; and Brighton and Eastbourne, with all their wealth, are far outshone by the natural charms of the Canadian *debutante*.

During my fortnight's stay I had the pleasure of making several acquaintances—not to say friendships—and received very great kindness. There is always this about Colonial life, and especially in the bearing of Colonials, towards new comers, a heartiness and sympathetic friendliness, of which we know much less at home. I was made an honorary member of the Club; and what might have been a dull, lonely sojourn, was filled with pleasant intercourse with thoroughly good company. Of Victorian society at large, it is impossible for a stranger to say more than that I gather it is, as in every new community, considerably mixed.

At the end of ten days, I went to the railway office, and took my ticket for New York, convinced that, so far as investing money went, my journey had been in vain; but feeling that, for the experience gained, I would willingly, if necessary, undertake it again.

The next morning I was owner of 380 acres, 300 miles up

the Frazer River. This farm, which lies in the Osoyoos district, near the Kootenay Valley, was the property of a lady (a connection of the great John Bright), and had been bought for her by a friend—one of the oldest and best of British Columbian pioneers—a gentleman whose own settlement in the same neighbourhood is reputed the most advanced agricultural enterprise in the province. This lady had, for some time past, relinquished the idea of returning to British Columbia; and the land (which had meanwhile been surveyed) was offered to me at the Government price. Upon the good faith and high character of this gentleman, I concluded to purchase; and, as often happens (one event leading on to others), it was not many hours before I made another and more important purchase. Ten shillings an acre for 380 acres had cost me £190; but for one acre which I bought next day I paid £320.

I was walking after dinner with a friend, who had been with me during all my stay, and had, indeed, travelled with me from Queenstown, when I saw on a board an advertisement of land for sale, upon the sea front, and adjoining the public park. Now this sea front happens to be the only sea front which Victoria possesses; the only place which can possibly be the esplanade, of, perhaps, the most beautiful watering-place that ever was laid out. For if my estimate of the future of Victoria be correct, commerce will inevitably pass her by. On the mainland will arise, at the mouth of the Frazer, city or cities, which will grow enormous in the near future; while on this lovely island will be a pleasure resort, incomparably beautiful—the Brighton, or the Eastbourne, of the Pacific coast of Canada; and not of Canada alone, but of America—for, already, from the hot, dry sand of California, the visitor seeks the refreshing green, and cool breezes of Vancouver's Island.

I determined to enquire about these building plots in the morning; and, on doing so, found that they consisted of fourteen acres, recently purchased by a Syndicate, from the Hudson's Bay Company, at 1,250 dollars an acre. The lands lie partly

within, and partly outside, the city boundary; and appear to have been carefully surveyed, and laid out; and are offered in lots of one acre, or less. For the sum of 1,800 dollars I agreed to purchase the corner acre, fronting upon the park and the sea; and I don't think to-day that I would exchange it for any acre in the city of Victoria. This done, I felt that my mission to the coast of Canada was no longer unfulfilled.

Before dinner I walked down once more to satisfy myself as to measurements, and then followed the coast line to the New Cemetery, coming back by the road.

A most lovely neighbourhood. But, oh! these Victorians want to wake up to their destiny; to learn to spend, as well as to make money; to drain, and clean, and water, and light, and do the very little that nature has not done for them. Day by day the dusty streets are swept by the breeze; to the infinite discomfort of the dweller and the visitor. Night by night the noxious gases of their primitive road-side gutters are disinfected by the cool draft from the mountains. Were it otherwise, they would soon learn their penny wisdom was pound foolishness; and, even as it is, typhoid is far too common.

The trouble seems to arise from two causes. The old heads and long purses are '58 and '62 men—men of long ago—for thirty years is an age in this century and this country; men who, for the most part, have never returned to see what the old world has done meanwhile. There, much is, of necessity, the creation of capital and genius, in a herculean contest with climate and sterility; here, the most splendid natural resources lie untouched and almost unheeded. The "Park" is nature's own, with dust or mud tracks for roads; and, as to macadam, or a steam-roller, these are wild dreams of the future.

The second cause is apparently the inevitable result of manhood suffrage, or thereabout, instead of property qualifications; with the consequence of every really public spirited effort being voted down, to save the pocket of the tax-payer. "Taxes!" Why they have to learn yet what the word means;

and how much it means also in the way of wealth and prosperity. And Victoria is no mushroom city, rushing into existence with feverish haste. Here wealth is widely diffused; and here, too, is the instinct of order and cleanliness, as the many beautiful home-like buildings, and trim English-looking gardens show; but we want a little Yankee push and energy, and a little, too, of his shrewd speculation.

I never heard any American speak of Victoria except in terms of hearty admiration (a phenomenon of praise!); and yet Victorians allow her to be what she is, a beautiful—aye, most beautiful—slattern. Well, the future will do it all. But what a pity to lose the present when so little is required.

Sunday found me, first at the Cathedral, and next at the Reformed Episcopal Church. A revolt of conscientious liberty against ecclesiastical tyranny, which none regret more than the schismatics.

Coming home from a walk afterwards, I discussed the Chinese question with an old hand. The question meets one at every turn, and is discussed invariably from one of two standpoints—Capital or Labour. To the latter, John Chinaman is, of course, the *bête noir*, who overstocks the labour-market, reduces wages to a minimum, and keeps out the white man. To the capitalist, be he large or small, Johnnie is the patient machine that cuts down expenses, and performs his task with admirable punctuality. Sober and thrifty, painstaking and enduring, he is simply ubiquitous. In domestic service and on the land, on the railroad and the clearing, cook, "housemaid," and laundryman: the frog-like, limp, grotesque figure, with its pigtail, is everywhere.

The question is a thorny one. Many of the arguments used, and all the fiery declamation, are mere bosh. The Chinaman has been of incalculable service in the development of the Pacific coast. And if he has, in many cases, amassed wealth, which he has transferred to his native land, so has the Anglo-Saxon, who has also made his pile in the Celestial Land, but never stayed to spend it. And there is one word which would

sound awkwardly in a discussion of the abstract right and wrong of the question—it is Opium!

In America the vote of the white labourer, and his sympathisers, has turned the scale in favour of exclusion: strange commentary upon liberty!—The vote of the labourer may do so here in future.

There is, however, an aspect of the matter which I have not heard noticed—and yet to me it seems worthy of notice—whether or no our civilisation, which is presumably in the right in forcing itself on others, is not also right in defending itself against an incursion of barbarism. History records a mighty tide of enlightenment flowing ever westward. Here the tides meet. Which is to prevail?

Having stayed long enough to conclude the necessary preliminaries of my purchases, I left Victoria on Tuesday, June 9th. It is hard to realise now that only five weeks have passed since I left home. The time has seemed a very age, so much has passed meanwhile.

Before British Columbia there is a grand future. Times are bad now, trade depressed, labour overstocked, and things will be worse before they are better. When the railroad is completed there will probably succeed a time of stagnation and distress—the country flooded with the unemployed—but time will remedy all this. And when population flows in of a class which British Columbia is largely attracting (I have met more Oxford and Cambridge men here than for years previously), improvement will be steady, and upon a sound basis.

Steamed away in the beautiful vessel the “Olympian,” at grand speed; and the last thing I saw was the sea front where lies the solitary acre which cost me nearly twice as much as my up-country farm, and which, if I mistake not, will form a nucleus of a future fortune. The day was wet and misty, and the Sound did not show to advantage; but it is always beautiful, with its pine-clad islands and land-locked bays.

Passed once again through the glorious valley of the Columbia, and away day and night through the savage, silent prairie;

trackless wastes of scanty hunch grass, sage brush and land, but anticipating the rich compensation of the mountains.

For the information of future voyagers, it is a fact worth recording, that acting upon experience I had gained in my outward journey, I saved a matter of thirty dollars between Victoria and New York. When taking my ticket, the agent to whose obliging courtesy I am greatly indebted, quoted the price of a first-class ticket. In this, however, I corrected him, remarking that the companies had already taken an advantage of me, and that I intended paying for second-class accommodation, but riding first according to the habit of the country. This I calmly did, without protest or interruption of any kind, for about 1,500 miles, when one night an officious conductor remarked that I was riding in the wrong carriage, and I consequently adjourned to a second. At the end of his section I could probably have returned, without question, had I been so minded; but I had, meanwhile, found companionship entirely to my taste. The truth of the matter appears to be, that first-class has, in fact, dropped out of use, being replaced by Pulman car; and there being no second, except the "smoking" carriage, there is no distinction made.

A glorious run through the "Rockies" most thoroughly enjoyed; getting the whole of the long grade up which we had toiled by night when outward bound, where the track lies at the foot of sheer, stupendous crags, running up to a height of many hundred feet. That night I could not sleep, and my eyes were highly inflamed—just a touch of mountain fever. Rain had brought down landslips which delayed us during some hours. On the Missouri again—out of the mountains. The question of climate in America has been deciding itself in my mind in a direction very little anticipated. My present companion is a Nova Scotian, lately from the Columbia river, bringing home fever and ague. Rheumatism is not uncommon; and all the southern and central States are undoubtedly subject to very great and exhausting extremes of temperature.

The much vaunted climate of California I hear continually

abused—a Californian at home being a very different person from the same individual abroad. For dust and heat it can hardly be surpassed.

Passing through the "bad lands," and the many ranches of Montana, where one meets quite an assortment of young Englishmen of thoroughly good form, I greatly enjoyed a conversation with a New York merchant, who began at spiritualism, and ended with religion. Like very many, whom I have met in America, he is a great talker, and believes himself a great thinker; but so far as I can judge, the "free-thinking," which meets one here, at every turn, would be far better denominated "loose talking." This gentleman expressed to me the very common opinion, that the Divinity of Jesus Christ is a theory perfectly untenable, yet expressed the highest admiration for His life, His teaching, and the magnificent results of both. When pressed to reconcile his views, with the obvious fact that Jesus Christ both lived and died in the assertion of the claim to be Divine, and was consequently either profoundly false or divinely true, he seemed to have obtained a new idea upon the subject.

In coming east from the Pacific coast one finds the emigrant-car attached to the train empty, or nearly so. In this are berths for sleeping, and a ticket costs considerably less than a second-class fare. The smoking car is next to it, and can always be used for sitting during the day, and the dining car is open to everyone. A bundle of rugs and a bag for a pillow will afford quite a luxurious bed, provided the wooden grating, which serves for mattress, be not too severe. In the way of provisions—which I should certainly carry with me if travelling again during so long a time (as they very materially assist in economy of living)—the best that occurred to me were, a basket of biscuits, cheese, sardines, salt, dates, raisins, and walnuts (shelled); a cup and a towel, a sponge in a tin-box, and a clothes-brush.

The feet suffer much from want of change and the hard flat surface; slippers and a frequent exchange of socks can be managed at night. A lady should, without doubt, travel by

Pulman; so should small children; anything else would prove intolerable. For dress—dark clothes, with as little of linen as possible, flannel shirts, and celluloid collars.

Coming down to S. Paul we picked up a group of lumberers—great hulking fellows, in red and blue flannel, with spiked boots and handspikes; gathering from all the neighbourhood for a heavy job at setting free a “jam” of timber covering many acres of the river. The logs had been arrested in their passage, and accumulated in thousands, forming a confused mass, and kept together by the enormous pressure. A horse-thief was also brought “on board,” who, if found guilty, will receive a well-merited penalty, and will not certainly be recommended to anybody’s mercy: a short shrift would probably be his, but for the protection of the law.

The railway station of S. Paul is a triumph of decorative skill—the whole vestibule lighted with a skylight of beautifully toned stained glass; two large and very handsome waiting-rooms, one for gentlemen and the other for ladies, open out to the right and left; bath-rooms and barber’s shop, and an excellent refreshment-room. The whole being beautifully faced with white and blue encaustic tile.

I was speaking to a fellow-traveller of my regret at leaving the line of the Union Pacific unvisited; but was told I had little to complain of, this Northern Pacific being incomparably richer in scenery, and running through vastly superior country.

Chicago again, and a few hours’ rest, or rather change of scene. Wandered through the streets, and marvelled at the huge throng of crushing, crowding people—all of one class, or nearly so—in these busy streets; the more opulent finding their place in the great lake-side avenues. On and on in a straight line, mile after mile, until the broad fine paving ceased; but the street ran on as many miles more. A policeman from the Emerald Isle here gave me his views of Chicago. He wore the city uniform; but as his language was more forcible than elegant, I shall merely state that he has not as yet formed conclusions

favourable to the honesty or the amiability of the people of Chicago. He very meaningfully told me that a few days here would show scenes of ruffianism hardly to be equalled, but said a stranger should be on his guard, as life was but slightly regarded in the rougher parts of the town.

The sort of crowd one meets certainly impresses one with the thought that America is a huge experiment—a demonstration on a large scale of the wisdom or otherwise of the latest developments of advanced political economy.

Take out a dollar; read off the image and superscription:—“Liberty” the motto, the crest an eagle, the woman in a communistic head-dress. Are these the emblems of the destiny of this great country? Each is suggestive in a very high degree.

But the woman—to leave the rest. One cannot but be struck by the thought how the tendency of the present day, both here and in the elder countries (though in a less degree), both in religion and in secular things, is towards the worship of woman, as the personification of beauty and of all that appeals to the senses.

That this is no new feature in the world's history is shown in the mythology of ancient Greece and Rome, and it seems as if in our own day we may see a very great revival of their magnificent yet utterly sensual error. In the Church of Rome, and its Ritualistic imitation, this tendency is strongly marked; and of the former it may be said, that one word would define the faith of the great majority of its adherents—Mariolatry. Whither this worship tends has been already shown in the story of the French Republic—a Harlot deified.

One is simply disgusted with the would-be chivalrous but obviously sensuous devotion paid to women so universally in this country—a devotion which is repaid with a brusque independence, not to say boldness, most unpleasant to contemplate. Here flourishes that unfeminine innovation, the medical spinster; and the boast of American womanhood is, that it is protected, not

by the modesty which is natural to the sex, but by a thorough knowledge of the world.

On to Detroit, which was reached about midnight of a splendid summer night. No moon, but the fine electric lighting of the town showed with beautiful effect as we crossed the deep river on the ferry which carries the train from America to Canada.

London, after daybreak : a large and important town. The land round here is quite home-like, beautifully timbered, undulating, and well watered.

Ontario certainly bears out the high character I have heard of it : gravelly, but far surpassing the States, with groves of oak and maple, well settled and cultivated. Even the railway and its officials show a marked change : more solidity, more care, more courtesy.

Slept but little, and reached Niagara at breakfast time. Here I had seven hours to wait. The following will, in some measure, describe my visit :—

To see the Falls of Niagara in seven hours.—First fortify against immediate needs at the excellent and economical "Central Hotel," close adjoining the station. N.B.—Good food, good cooking, good attendance. Then go outside, declining all offers of assistance, and lounge about the station, reading the advertisements, as though you had nothing else in your purpose. This will be the signal for half-a-dozen carriages, and as many guides, to pounce upon you, but in a half-hearted way, anticipating failure. If pressed too closely, reply that you have sat still so long you prefer to take a walk, and to be alone. After staring at the walls for some time longer, during which the harpies will withdraw one by one, advance very slowly towards the railroad suspension bridge ; go down the steps, idly shaking off any lingering questioners ; and, once out of sight, turn to the right, and go to the Rapids.

Consign yourself with touching simplicity to the charge of the blushing young lady, who is only roseate in the hopes of catching a flat, and obey her directions. Descend the lift, after viewing the Rapids from the platform, where dwells leech No. 2 ; and

spend some time in the effort to realise what you see, and wondering at human folly as you listen to the tale of how Webb perished.

The loquacity of the human magpie at the water's edge will not outlast the moment. He—yourself—the absurd descent—all will be lost as you gaze at the terrific might and majesty before you: savage, seething, irresistible fury!

Regain the summit of the precipice; pay your half-dollar, and buy as many of the photographs as you feel inclined for; and tear yourself from the almost embrace of the reluctant fair. Retrace your steps to the bridge, pay twenty-five cents, and cross into Canada.

Take the first road to the left, and follow it steadily but warily, ready to relapse into utter indifference at the first appearance of a tout. Gently saunter on, as though your life had been spent in the locality, for your very eyelids are being watched by competing Jehus. Passing the first shoal, the second will be more easily discouraged; and by-and-bye only a random shot will follow you from a loitering restaurateur.

From the bank, take every opportunity of getting a view of the river; the channel is said to be 250 feet deep, and the water is a beautiful green. Turn your blind eye to the hideous outfalls of the mills, and stand opposite the American Falls. Next get the view of these, combined with the Suspension Bridge (a noble work), and the greater Horseshoe Fall, with its snowy veil of spray, rising at times a thousand feet into the air.

Watch the course of the ridiculous little steamer, as she dodges athwart the current, and go to the middle of the Suspension Bridge (another twenty-five cents). Then go on through the mist or rain of the spray, until you come opposite to, and then behind the Fall. Here again you will get a new phase of the glory. Walk on past the Observatory, and mount the bank above the railway to the Convent; and there before you are river, race, falls, torrent, and rapids, in one magnificent, overpowering climax.

After this, the groping in wet oil-clothes, and the creeping

over artificial bridges, above and below the Falls can be dispensed with, or left, at any rate, to those who like them. I turned away satisfied; filled up with the scene; more than satisfied, deeply moved to thankfulness, and praise, and worship.

Walked down to the whirlpool, after an excellent dinner at the hotel, but finding there yet another young lady, and yet another artificial descent, and yet more attendants, excused myself, and walked leisurely back to the railway.

On again; through very similar country to that of Ontario, and saw, for the first time this side of the Atlantic, stone walls.

Passed many flourishing towns, and much well-settled country of fine quality, and reached New York after one more night.

In New York I spent but one night, and was not disappointed thereat. I saw that bridge of bridges, and the Central Park. I rode in the elevated railways, and walked in the streets underneath. I endured the heat and smells of an unseasonable visit (and yet it was not really late; only the middle of June), and I left New York without regret. No wonder; for I was homeward bound.

The depression from which all agricultural and commercial interests have suffered so long in the old countries is almost equally noticeable in America and Canada, and I give it, as my unhesitating opinion, that emigration is not in every case an answer to the problem—"Our boys, and what to do with them." On the contrary, there is undoubtedly very much failure, and consequent distress arising from the want of power to discriminate between those who are suited and those who are unsuited, for a life in the new country.

Again and again should it be said, *only the rough and ready* should ever dream of emigration without capital; and even these will often exchange, for a time at least, comfort for discomfort, and comparative ease for arduous toil.

There is no doubt whatever that for the steady, healthy, young man, who sees no opening at home, emigration offers everything he has any right to ask. With his hat on, his house is thatched;

and if he is worth his salt, his salt is assured. But let him when he leaves the old country, turn no lingering looks behind him. Let him take with him sufficient money, and no more, to land him in the district of his choice, and keep him, say one month, to look about him; and let him begin, if necessary, with the pick and shovel, as many a worthy fellow has done before him. Nothing will more surely contribute to his manhood and success.

Again; there is no question, but that the small capitalist will be able to make such use of his money as will very largely increase his means of living, ten, and even twelve, per cent. (in Australia more still), being easily procurable without undue risk. If resident upon his own property, as I hope shortly to be, his skill must be small, indeed, if he cannot manage to raise milk and butter, mutton and potatoes, poultry and eggs, vegetables and fruit; together with such welcome varieties as may be procurable with gun and rod.

The saving effected in the item called "keeping up appearances" would very often amount to the half of a man's income in the old country; and this statement I make, with the utmost deliberation. I have very often calculated that so soon as my children are old enough to serve themselves, and to assist me in the business of living, I could be far more comfortable in a colony where all my neighbours, as well as myself, were engaged in this same business, than I can ever hope to be at home; where, upon an income of a few hundreds, I am expected to consort with those whose incomes reach four figures. But what I insist upon over and over again is, that *without an income* I, for one, cannot emigrate.

Give me an income of £100, and my own house and land, and I believe I shall improve matters if I throw up £300 at home; but it is an utter mistake to suppose that the mere purchase of land, a house, a team, and farm implements is going to produce such an income, and make comfort for men who have found their two or three hundred a-year at home too strait for their growing families.

Much more probably it will, even if eventually successful, cost husband, wife, and children untold hardships.

Better, in such cases, where capital is wanting, let the lads go, having carefully taught them first to use every faculty they possess, and having carefully taught them, too, that labour is honourable.

To turn out a boy, however, who has neither the health nor the taste for manual labour, and bid him sink or swim in a new country where he may be utterly unable to obtain employment at the desk, for which nature has fitted him, is simply inhuman.

The people best suited for emigration are, of course, those whose pursuits at home have approximated most nearly to the habits of the future life.

Farmers will, at least, benefit by the cheapness of land, and the absence of rent and taxation ; but the time has not yet come—and it never will come—when the educated classes of the old country will find in their education a marketable commodity, which will secure to them, as emigrants, the price of its production.

